Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, APRIL 23, 1914 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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will be doing business at the old stand in the old way during the season of 1914, beginning July 1st and ending September 19th.

The *Summer School* session will begin July 19 ending August 15. Judging from the appreciation of his winter work at the Lincoln Centre, Mr. Jones' class on the Apocryphal Literature, or, The Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments, will sustain the interest of previous years. There will be the usual excursions into poetry land, new and old. The trees, the flowers, the birds, the garden, the cows, the walks, will be up to their standard and one year nearer perfection.

Cottages for the season are still available. The terms of last year will obtain this year. Make your reservations early.

For further particlars address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN

Abraham Lincoln Centre 700 Oakwood Blvd. CHICAGO

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914. NUMBER 8

Mrs. Andrew D. White to President Wilson

Mrs. Andrew D. White, the wife of our great international leader, head of the American delegation at the first Hague Conference, has sent the following, in the fear that the present portentous naval demonstration at Tampico to compel the salute of our flag might result in war:

"Does an American gentleman shoot the man who insults him? Not usually in this generation, much less his wife and family. Shall we destroy many innocent Mexicans by bombarding Tampico, because an official bandit insults our flag? Nothing he can do, only what we do, can dishonor the American flag and nation."

Ithaca, N. Y., April 14.

Why lags the preparation for the Third Hague Conference? Does not the question of the integrity of the United States concerning the Panama Fees have a chilling effect? If treaties are not to be sacredly kept in the spirit as well as in the letter by the United States, the most pacific of governments, the most progressive of of democracies, what is the use of talking about arbitration and disarmament?

A Sunday service program issued by the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, of which E. Stanton Hodgin is pastor, carries this respectful note:

It will appreciably add to the comfort and enjoyment of the congregation if the ladies will remove their hats during the service.

We have read of a more successful way of reaching the same end. One pastor announced that all ladies in the congregation over thirty-five years of age were allowed to wear their hats during the service, and every hat in the congregation came off.

The April number of the *Biblical World* has the usual scholastic matter suggested by its name, but it has also the finer demand of scholarship, namely, the application of biblical lore and inspiration to the problems of life. Especially interesting is Principal Johnson's discussion of the problems of boyhood. Mr. Johnson is the Principal of the University of Chicago High School. The studies in the present number cover "Speech—Slang and Profanity," "Mean Thinking and Speaking," "The Problems of Sex," "Alcoholic Liquors and Tobacco." These studies should be reproduced in some form more available to the average teacher and parent than in a highly specialized magazine.

The *Christian Union Quarterly* is a publication in the interest of "Peace in the Divided Church of Christ," published under the auspices of a commission on Christian Unity, in Baltimore, Maryland. A commendable proposition, but like all attempts to establish a union inside an evangelical basis, it falls short of the ultimate inspirations of Twentieth Century literature, science and civics. International co-operation and fellowships draw their circle of inspiration and consecration beyond the outermost rim of these evangelical unions. Long ago George Eliot said that a religion can not save sinners which does not satisfy saints, and a religion that does not reach to the outermost boundaries of the forces above named, is not big enough to satisfy the thinker or to save the world.

The death of Mrs. Thomas Huxley, which recently occurred in London at the ripe age of eighty-eight years, will touch many hearts with heroic memories and quicken many minds to a fresh appreciation of the great service her husband rendered to the thinking world. Thomas Huxley and John Tyndall were the knights-errant of the doctrine of evolution in its physical phases. They were as a dual Aaron in the intellectual exodus wherein Darwin and Wallace enacted the part of Moses. Never was a more valiant fighter than Thomas Huxley, but his flashing blade was beaten out of thought, polished with earnestness and kindness. He was a modern controversialist who was inspired by his theme and yet could deal justly with his foe. The battle for the appreciation of the truths of evolution, in which Thomas Huxley was a conspicuous leader, has been fought and won, but the courage to apply the same to the problems of life still needs champions of his metal and leaders of his spirit.

The Report of the Chicago Peace Society for 1914 is an attractive pamphlet which commends itself for careful study to the citizens of Chicago. Nothing finer has been achieved in Chicago in recent years than the rejuvenation of the Peace Society under the direction of Charles E. Beals, who on the first of May withdraws from the post which he has so conspicuously honored. One thought alone reconciles us to his departure, and that is that with his Chicago experience he faces the East, where he is much needed, and where in one way or another he will continue his high work.

"The King is dead!
Long live the King."

As we wave our good-byes to the splendid Beals we

salute the coming of the efficient Louis Lochner, who takes up the work. He brings a special preparation, acquired as one of the leaders of the Cosmopolitan Club movement in America. His special work has familiarized him with college graduates and college men's problems. He will find work to his hand and Chicago will find work to its needs.

The Scout is the name of a monthly magazine published in New York, in the interest of the Otis United States Scout Organization. It is a most attractive magazine, but bristles with militant inspiration. The full page frontispiece is of Major-General Leonard Wood, chief of staff in the United States army. He furnishes greeting to the boys from the War Department. There is, besides, an appreciation of the General and pictures of his staff; more pictures of army men, machine gun drills, boys "scaling the walls," outlines of miniature dreadnoughts and a fetching account of the "Gen. R. E. Lee Troupe." British Boy Scouts are illustrated advancing on the firing line, creeping up on the enemy gun in hand, even the girls are reported as having heard the drums. All of which, from our standpoint, is systematically fostering a pernicious appetite in boys. We are not unmindful of the fact that there are other scouts and scout leaders who discount the military and disclaim its influence, but the name was honestly pre-empted in the interest of the art of killing and the spell has gone forth. You can not recall the measles when once it gets a good foot-hold in a public school.

The New York Browning Society with Miss Florence Weir Gibson, 58 West Fifty-Eighth street, as president, is leading a movement among Browning lovers for the preservation of the love letters of Elizabeth and Robert Browning. After the death of their son the letters were purchased by Mr. Sabin of London, who is now anxious to sell the same to the British Museum, at a 10 per cent increase of cost price, that they may be perpetually kept in the caskets in which Robert Browning placed them. The collection, numbering 571 letters, is said to be complete. Sir Frederick G. Kenyon, of the British Museum, further announces that if half the money for the purchase price can be raised he has good reasons to hope that the other half will be forthcoming. The circular before us does not indicate how much money is wanted. Much as we love the Brownings, we can not become greatly interested in the commercialization of that which belongs to the perishable and perhaps had better have been consigned to the flames by the hands that wrote them. The publication of these letters was to us scarcely permissible by the higher courtesies of the spirit, and though the volumes are on his shelf, the present writer has never been able to read them with a clear conscience; it seemed too much like peeping or reading over the shoulders of the writers. So much of the love of life of these great lovers as the world is entitled to know seems to have been given to it in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "One Word More," "By the Fireside," and the delightful love literature of the Epilogues and the Prologues. Let the love letters that were meant for but one pair of eyes be buried in the sun-warmed grave at Florence rather than in the deeper grave of a museum. However, but few of the lovers of Browning will share in this feeling, and we hope many will communicate their interest to Mrs. M. P. Woodford, Chairman of the *Elizabeth Barrett Browning Comittee,* 317 West One Hundred Fifth street, New York City.

The friends and patrons of the army and navy are elated over the Mexican breeze. The recruiting is reported lively. A special appeal is made to young men to avail themselves of this "chance." Soldiers in camps are chafing over delays and fretting lest they may not have the coveted opportunity. What opportunity? The opportunity to go and shoot at human beings! In the presence of this national fever, euphoniously called "patriotism," the cool figures of Norman Angel should be heeded. He reminds the United States that it took four hundred thousand British soldiers almost three years fighting to subdue one hundred thousand poverty stricken Boers, at a cost of one and one-quarter billion dollars. He says English politics have been paralyzed for years by the problem of Irish subjugation, and that the Boer figures will apply to the United States and that American politics will be twisted as English politics are, if we ever attempt to conquer Mexico, and interference would mean that. Once an invading army enters Mexico, there will be *Mexico,* not Huerta or Villa, to reckon with. Do we want another Philippine experience? Keep your heads, gentlemen! Keep cool!

In this connection readers of UNITY will be glad to learn of the position taken by Willam Kent, now of California, always and ever of UNITY. We have only an abstract of the public statement he has made, but it is worth printing.

> Those who clamor loudest for intervention, he says, are those who would be sure to let others do the fighting. Instead of bloody intervention to save American dollars in Mexico at the expense of American lives and the lives of those whose dollars are not at stake, let there be, should intervention ever be necessary, joint action by the United States and European and South American powers to establish order in Mexico. "The desire on the part of many people that the federal government should intervene in Mexico has sprung not out of the mind or the heart, but out of the pocketbook." * * *
>
> Intervention in Mexico by the United States, single-handed and alone, would in the minds of the people of Mexico be interpreted as an act dictated by selfish national interest, to be followed, as in the past, by taking over Mexican territory. * * *
>
> War resolves itself into the plain proposition of killing and being killed. I see no reason why we should enter Mexico at any such cost of blood and treasure, and I see every

reason why we should not sacrifice our young men to a peculiarly ill-advised method of interfering with our neighbors. To my mind one thing should be done—to have an understanding with Brazil, Argentina and Chile, and with responsible European elements, whereby, jointly and severally, they with us should send a deputation to the City of Mexico to demand that war cease and that foundations be laid for a responsible and reputable government. It is folly to demand a form of government that would comply with our ideals of democratic rule; but at any rate, such an expedition would be heeded, and by such joint action notice would be served upon Mexico that the allies were there to establish order and not to steal territory. Such action could not be resisted by Mexico.

Pending a more careful study on the part of one of the UNITY staff, we take pleasure in announcing the appearance of "The New Hymn and Tune Book with Services for Congregational Worship," just issued from the *American Unitarian Association Press.* Everything that the typographical art of Boston could do, consistent with economy, in the way of printing, paper, binding, etc., has been done; and all that a representative committee of Unitarian ministers and laymen could do in the way of selecting material from a literary, devotional and musical standpoint is, of course, done here. It is a beautiful and dignified volume. Now the liberal congregations of America, representing the Unitarian circle and beyond, have at least two standard books to select from. This more sumptous book and the humbler collection but recently out, the "Unity Hymns and Chorals," edited by Messers. Gannett and Hosmer, the former bearing the imprint of the *American Unitarian Association* at Boston, the latter of the *Unity Publishing Company,* Chicago, now make their appeal to our liberal churches. The larger book contains 546 hymns, the smaller 335. The price of the larger book, in cloth, is $1.00; of the smaller book, one-half that amount. The hymnologist will be interested in discovering the personal equation in a comparative study of these books. Perhaps he will be tempted to discover a geographical element in the variations, though in the quest the reviewer may well guard his own idiosyncrasies. That these two books have been carefully gleaned from the same field will become clear to the reviewer who stops to count the sheaves gathered from common sources. For instance, Whittier, who has long enjoyed the reputation of being the pre-eminent Psalmist of the liberal faith, furnishes eighteen hymns in the big book, twenty-five in the smaller book. Samuel Longfellow, the next most popular singer for the generation just gone, has twenty-six hymns in the big book, seventeen in the smaller book. Chadwick, who was tuning his lyre to its sweetest when these elder bards were laying theirs aside, appears ten times in the Boston book, fifteen times in the Chicago book. Frederick Hosmer, who, by the slowly acquired concensus of the competent, takes his place at the head of the list in both books, has furnished thirty-three numbers in the Boston book and, if our count is right, thirty-five in the Chicago book. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hosmer, joint editor of the smaller book, was also a member of the advisory committe that shaped the other collection. W. C. Gannett appears six times in the A. U. A. book, twice as many times in the Chicago book. It is interesting to see how these two compilations go hand in hand through the wider and older fields. Charles Wesley, "the sweet singer of Methodism," furnishes eleven hymns in the Boston book, ten in the smaller book of Chicago. Isaac Watts, the never failing source of orthodox devotion, has twelve hymns acceptable to the compilers of the A. U. A. book, four in the smaller book of the Unity Publishing Company. Sometimes the collections do not work the same field with equal diligence. The Rev. T. H. Gill, an English Unitarian, gives eleven hymns in the Boston book, five in the Chicago book, while Anna L. Waring, whom we discover in the Boston book as "Welsh-Anglican" (1823-1910), furnishes three hymns to the larger collection while the Unity compilers found ten to their liking. But hymns are not to be counted but pondered, and poets are not to be measured by bulk. We offer these figures for their tantalizing effect. We believe they will provoke curiosity and persuade many people to study both collections, first for their pre-eminent literary quality, second for their more valuable quality as helps to devotion. It must indeed be a fastidious congregation that can not be satisfied with either one or the other of these books. With our readers we will wait with eagerness for the more careful review of this interesting new hymn-book.

"National Honor" Exemplified in the Alley

The United States is in a sorry predicament in trying to perserve its "National Honor" with becoming dignity in the presence of a nondescript administration, which unwittingly offered a little indignity to a small officer who went ashore. Said officer was released when the "mistake" was discovered and a due apology offered for the blunder. But "National Honor" must be vindicated and now the serious question for the United States to settle is, how many blank cartridges blown out of the mouth of a cannon towards the flag will wipe away the stain on the national escutcheon? But that will not solve the question. There is the greater diplomatic question, how to courteously receive the apology and how many harmless guns ought we to fire in response. This question of "honor" between nations has long been settled between individuals. Mark Twain anticipated the present Mexican muddle in the alley scene between Tom Sawyer and the New Boy, and UNITY can make no better comment, it seems, on this national foolishness

than by quoting at some length this alley scene. It is only in the boyish revels of the Tom Sawyers that this perplexity obtains among individuals. Some day nations may outgrow the nonsense and realize that nothing can be more dishonorable to a nation than to magnify trifles out of all proportion, to waste money mobilizing navies, recruiting armies, in anticipation of a "scrap" over questions of empty "Honor." In private life a gentleman does not feel called upon to stoop to castigate, or, perchance kill, an innocent neighbor for an indignity offered by a rowdy or an imbecile. Will the flag of the United States glisten with added luster if lives and property are destroyed in Tampico Bay on account of the blunder of a policeman, or maybe a guerilla soldier? If there is any killing to be done, surely the innocent man will be killed on both sides. Shame on the diplomat and out on the diplomacy that indulges in Tom Sawyer tactics! We commend to Congress the perusal of the following state document from the skillful pen of that master of diplomacy, Mark Twain.

SCENE IN AN ALLEY.

Dramatis personae: A STRANGE BOY, too well dressed for a weekday, had shoes on and it was only Friday and he wore a necktie, and, TOM SAWYER.

The boys moving towards one another, sidewise in a circle, but keeping face to face and eye to eye all the time. The following dialogue takes place, Tom speaking first:

"I can lick you!"
"I'd like to see you try it."
"Well, I can do it."
"No, you can't, either."
"Yes, I can."
"No, you can't."
"I can."
"You can't."
"Can!"
"Can't!"

An uncomfortable pause. Then Tom said:

"What's your name?"
"'Tisn't any of your business, maybe."
"Well, I 'low I'll *make* it my business."
"Well, why don't you?"
"If you say much, I will."
"Much—much—*much. There, now.*"
"Oh, you think you're mighty smart, *don't* you? I could lick you with one hand tied behind me, if I wanted to."
"Well, why don't you *do* it? You *say* you can do it."
"Well, I *will,* if you fool with me."
"Oh, yes—I've seen whole families in the same fix."
"Smarty! You think you're *some,* now *don't* you? Oh, what a hat!"
"You can lump that hat if you don't like it. I dare you to knock it off—and anybody that'll take a dare will suck eggs."
"You're a liar!"
"You're another."
"You're a fighting liar and dasn't take it up."
"Aw—take a walk!"
"Say—if you give me much more of your sass I'll take and bounce a rock off'n your head."
"Oh, of *course* you will."
"Well, I *will.*"
"Well, why don't you *do* it then? What do you keep *saying* you will for? Why don't you *do* it? It's because you're afraid."
"I *ain't* afraid."
"You are."
"I ain't.'
"You are."

Another pause, and more eyeing and sliding around each other. Presently they were shoulder to shoulder. Tom said:

"Get away from here!"
"Go away yourself."
"I won't."
"*I* wont, either."

So they stood, each with a foot placed at an angle as a brace, and both shoving with might and main, and glowering at each other with hate. But neither could get an advantage. After struggling till both were hot and flushed, each relaxed his strain with watchful caution, and Tom said:

"You're a coward and a pup. I'll tell my big brother on you, and he can thrash you with his little finger, and I'll make him do it, too."

"What do I care for your big brother? I've got a brother that's bigger than he is—and what's more, he can throw him over that fence, too." (Both brothers were imaginary.)

"That's a lie."

"*You're* saying so don't make it so."

Tom drew a line in the dust with his big toe, and said:

"I dare you to step over that, and I'll lick you till you can't stand up. Anybody that'll take a dare will steal sheep."

The new boy stepped over promptly, and said:

"Now, you said you'd do it, now let's see you do it."
"Don't you crowd me now; you better look out."
"Well, you *said* you'd do it—why don't you do it?"
"By jingo! For two cents I *will* do it."

The new boy took two broad coppers out of his pocket and held them out with derision. Tom struck them to the ground. In an instant both boys were rolling and tumbling in the dirt, gripped together like cats; and for the space of a minute they tugged and tore at each other's hair and clothes, punched and scratched each other's nose, and covered themselves with dust and glory. Presently the confusion took form, and through the fog of battle Tom appeared, seated astride the new boy, and pounding him with his fists.

"Holler 'nuff!" said he.

The boy only struggled to free himself. He was crying—mainly from rage.

"Holler 'nuff!" And the pounding went on.

At last the stranger got out a smothered "Nuff!" and Tom let him up and said:

"Now, that'll learn you. Better look out who you're fooling with next time."

The new boy went off brushing the dust from his clothes, sobbing, snuffling, and occasionally looking back and shaking his head and threatening what he would do to Tom the "next time he caught him out." To which Tom responded with jeers, and started off in high feather, and as soon as his back was turned the new boy snatched up a stone, threw it and hit him between the shoulders and then turned tail and ran like an antelope. Tom chased the traitor home, and thus found out where he lived. He then held a position at the gate for some time, daring the enemy to come outside, but the enemy only made faces at him through the window and declined. At last the enemy's mother appeared, and called Tom a bad, vicious, vulgar child, and ordered him away. So he went away; but he said he "'lowed" to "lay" for that boy.

He got home pretty late that night, and when he climbed cautiously in at the window, he uncovered an ambuscade, in the person of his aunt; and when she saw the state his clothes were in her resolution to turn his Saturday holiday into captivity at hard labor became adamantine in its firmness.

"Yes, do you send me a book * * * not a bargain book bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual; a book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy; written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. We will read it together in the gloaming, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we'll sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over."—*Dorothy Wordsworth to Coleridge.*

The late James Freeman Clarke, answering a man who feared that if women had the ballot they would go to Congress, said: "Perhaps so, but not until we want them. And when we want them we shall no longer be shocked at their taking such positions."

The Chautauquan.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHANTER VIII.—*Continued.*

An obstacle which it is most difficult for ardent believers in suffrage for women to confront with patience, is the opposition among women to the ballot for their sex. It seems a very selfish attitude to take. Mr. Smith is severe with those who espouse it, characterizing the assertion by anti-suffragists, that "they have all the rights they want," as "ignorant and childish.'

I do not forget, he says, that there are women who do not want the concession of their right to vote. There were slaves so debased by slavery, as not to wish to be set free. Hardly more to be pitied were those slaves than are those ladies, who are so perverted and befooled by their ladyism as to shrink from the vulgarity of voting. What these ladies lack is more hard sense and less soft sense; more robustness and less namby-pamby-ness; more sympathy with the toiling masses of women, and less aristocratic self-idolatry. What if these ladies who abdicate their rights and cast themselves with such graceful helplessness on the chivalry of men, can do without the ballot, nevertheless to their sisters, who earn their living and move in the humbler walks of life, the ballot is the supreme need.

CHAPTER IX.

DRESS REFORM. THE TYRANNY AND TRAGEDY OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

It was Gerrit Smith's belief that women were greatly handicapped by their dress. More even than this, he held that the subordinate position which women hold, and always have held, is to a large degree the result of their being clothed in a style of garments which, in fancied regard for grace, beauty and modesty, emphasizes unduly the difference between the sexes, and goes far to unfit women for the hardier and more active occupations, in many of which it would be to their economic advantage to share. As for the sway of fashion, to which women in general so abjectly bow, he beheld in it what all men of sense behold in it, an unmitigated tyranny and a scarcely relieved folly. And he took the ground that women have two conquests to make: One over their enemies of the other sex (for in the matter of conceding rights of equality, the majority of men are the enemies of women), and the other over themselves, with regard to dress and fashion.

Mr. Smith's appeal is to the self-respect, the robust self-respect, of womanhood. "Women," he says, "wrong themselves by fostering the idea of dependence on men. . . . To be useful and happy, and to accomplish the high purposes of their being, they must, no less emphatically than men, stand upon their own feet and work with their own hands and bear the burdens of life with their own strength and brave its storms with their own resolution."

As to any specific mode of dress which would garb women for comfort and convenience, Mr. Smith wisely refrains from offering suggestions. Speaking of the "Bloomer" dress, he declares it to be "unspeakably better than the common dress," but he held it to be "far from affording the freedom of the person which woman is entitled to enjoy."

These quotations are from a letter to Mrs. Stanton, in which the subject is treated at length. Mr. Smith admits that his views, radical as they are, "will be regarded by many as serving to break down the characteristic delicacy of woman." He goes on to admit the truth of such conclusion:

I frankly admit that I would have it broken down. (He adds.) I would have the artifical and conventional, the nonsensical and pernicious thing give place to the natural delicacy which would be common to both sexes. . . . I would have no characteristic delicacy of woman, and no characteristic coarseness of men. On the contrary, believing man and woman to have the same nature, and to be therefore under obligation to have the same character, I would subject them to a common standard of morals and manners. . . . Then would there be a public sentiment very unlike that which now requires the sexes to differ in character, and which therefore holds them amenable to different codes, codes that in their partiality to man, allow him to commit high crimes; and that in their cruelty to woman make the bare suspicion of such crimes on her part the justification of her hopeless degradation and ruin.

THE BLOOMER DRESS

The Bloomer dress was a serious attempt to reform woman's garb in the interest of health, comfort, safety and convenience. In all these respects it was a success. Had it been generally adopted, it is not too much to say that it would have set civilization measurably forward. All who wore it were emphatic in its praise. It demanded a degree of independence and courage that women in general were not equal to, and so it fell gradually into desuetude. Some day perhaps it will be revived, or some fashion of garb related to it may be devised and adopted, thus carrying forward by a great stride the emancipation of woman. Meantime, the story of the Bloomer is interesting:

Columbus discovered the great western world;
Elizabeth Miller the short dress unfurled;
But another supplanted Columbus's name;
And a like wrong has come to Elizabeth's fame.

Thus, in jest, wrote Gerrit Smith, in allusion to the naming of the peculiar garb. He, however, was far from treating the Bloomer as a jest. He heartily approved of it.

It is stated in the Life of Susan B. Anthony, that a costume similar to that known as the "Bloomer" was first made use of in some of the water cures, for clothing frail and delicate women patients, and that the water cure journals described and recommended it. Very likely the suggestion of such a style of dress, to take the place of the unhealthful and inconvenient costume worn by women from time immemorial, came through a water cure journal to Mrs. Miller. Gerrit Smith and his family were interested in hydropathy, and undoubtedly were subscribers to the papers published in its interest. At all events, Mrs. Miller began wearing a garb consisting of full Turkish shaped trousers, with a short skirt, in the fall of 1850.

A few months later the editor of the *Seneca County Courier*, published in the village of Seneca Falls, N. Y., wrote and printed an article criticising prevailing woman's fashions, and suggesting the very kind of a substitute that Mrs. Miller was at that time wearing. Mrs. Miller's name, however, was not mentioned in his article, and it does not appear that the editor had heard of her in connection with such a dress.

The idea was taken up at once by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, also a resident of Seneca Falls, postmistress of the village, and editor of a woman's paper devoted to woman's rights in general, and to the temperance reform. In her paper, *The Lily*, she commented upon the revolutionary suggestions for woman's dress, at

first half humorously; and between *The Lily* and the *Courier* the subject was kept before the public for some weeks. However, as Mrs. Bloomer herself states, there was no reason to suppose that anything would have come of the newspaper articles alone. It happened, though, that at just the time when the matter was thus before the reading public, Mrs. Miller came to Seneca Falls on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose home was there at that time. She came wearing her Turkish dress, and she wore it on the street and wherever she appeared. Having before her eyes an example of a woman clothed in accordance with reform ideas, Mrs. Bloomer took up the agitation of the subject in real earnest, writing articles in which all the arguments capable of being brought to bear in favor of such a healthful and common-sense style of garb were set forth. The result surprised herself. Her exchanges took the subject up, Horace Greeley's *Tribune* being the first to mention the fashion with approval, and in a little while letters began pouring in upon her asking details about the dress, directions for cutting and so on. The subscription list of the little journal increased rapidly and substantially, especially after she herself had made and donned the new dress and announced the fact in her columns.

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER
Only Daughter of Gerrit Smith
Mrs. Miller inherited the humanitarian enthusiasms of her parents, and lived to do good.

Mrs. Bloomer never claimed to have originated the costume, but owing to her championing of it in the columns of her journal, that honor was thrust upon her. She declared that in the beginning the thought of setting a fashion was farthest from her mind. She was the third woman to clothe herself in the new garb, Mrs. Stanton having, during her cousin Mrs. Miller's visit, appeared in company and on the street in a suit of the sort. Some newspaper wit coined and bestowed upon the novel costume the name "bloomer," and it stuck, spite of all Mrs. Bloomer's disclaimers of being its inventor.

Mrs. Miller's dress is thus described by Mrs. Stanton. It consisted of a "short skirt, full trousers of fine black broadcloth, a Spanish cloak of the same material, reaching to the knee, beaver hat and feather and dark furs." And she declared it to have been "altogether a most becoming costume and exceedingly convenient for walking in all kinds of weather. To see my cousin," she continues, "with a lamp in one hand and a baby in the other, walk upstairs with ease and grace, while, with flowing robes, I pulled myself up with difficulty, lamp and baby out of the question, easily convinced me that there was sore need of reform in woman's dress, and I promptly donned a similar attire. What incredible freedom I enjoyed for two years! Like a captive set free from his ball and chain, I was always ready for a brisk walk through sleet and snow and rain, to climb a mountain, jump over a fence, work in the garden, and, in fact, for any necessary locomotion."[14]

Miss Anthony mentions, as among the women who wore the bloomer costume, Lucy Stone, Dr. Harriet Austin, Celia Burleigh, Charlotte Wilbur and the Grimké sisters. She placed the number of adventurous ones at less than a hundred in all.

Mountains of ridicule were heaped upon the wearers of bloomers by the public prints, and both Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony relate how they were nagged when they appeared in the streets, their ears being saluted with doggerel rhymes of which a specimen was:

> Heigh ho! In rain and snow,
> The bloomer now is all the go.
> Twenty tailors take the stitches,
> Twenty women wear the breeches;
> Heigh ho! In rain and snow.

For Miss Anthony, strong and self-reliant as she was, the wearing of the reformed dress seems to have been a veritable martyrdom. It was an invitation to choruses of jeers and insults when she appeared in public, adding immensely and most agravatingly to the weight of opprobrium under which she had labored previously, as an advocate of unpopular views and measures. It actually brought her to tears.

A year or two sufficed to convince the greater number of the wearers of the garb that an innovation had been attempted greater than the strength of womanhood was equal to, and they quietly laid the bloomers aside. Much of the opposition, no doubt, in the case of married women, came from their husbands, who naturally were sensitive to anything that subjected their wives to ridicule. In Mrs. Miller's case, while members of the family indulged in good-natured badinage at her expense, she wore the costume with the hearty concurrence of her husband, as well as her parents. As she was the first woman to appear in public in the dress, so she seems to have been the last to put it off. She wore it seven or eight years. During her father's congressional term she was in Washington, and wore the bloomer there. Gerrit Smith has already been quoted as writing to Mr. May from Washington, that "in spite of his abolitionism and in spite of his daughter's short dress, the people treated them kindly." Mrs. Miller seems never to have suffered the assaults of ridicule that made Miss Anthony miserable. And the same is true of Mrs. Bloomer's case. The latter found the interest aroused by what she wrote and printed about the new costume very greatly to the advantage of the cause for which she was publishing her paper, the journal mounting to a height of popularity on the wings of the dress reform propaganda it had never reached hitherto. Describing the situation, she writes:

I had gotten myself into a position from which I could not

[14]Eighty Years and More.

recede if I had desired to do so. I therefore continued to wear the style on all occasions, at home and abroad, at church and on the lecture platform, at fashionable parties and in my office. I found the dress comfortable, light, easy and convenient, and well adapted to the needs of my busy life. I had no desire to lay it aside, and so would not let the ridicule or censure of the press move me. For some six or eight years, or as long as I remained in active life, and until the papers had ceased writing squibs at my expense, I wore no other costume. During this time I was to some extent in the lecture field, visiting and lecturing in all the principal cities of the North on temperance and woman suffrage; but at no time, on any occasion, even alluding to my style of costume. . . . In all my travels I met with nothing disagreeable or unpleasant, but was universally treated with respect and attention by both press and people wherever I appeared. . . . If the dress drew the crowds that came to hear me, it was well. They heard the message I brought them, and it has borne abundant fruit.

The above is from a communication written by Mrs. Bloomer for the *Chicago Tribune*. At the date of the writing she was residing in Council Bluffs, Iowa. She says further:

My paper had many contributions on the subject of dress. . . . Mrs. Stanton was a frequent contributor and ably defended the style. She continued to wear it for two or three years, and then the pressure brought to bear upon her by her father and other friends was so great that she finally yielded . . . at least this was the understood cause of the change.[15] Elizabeth Miller wore the style for many years.

Lucy Stone of the *Woman's Journal* adopted and wore the style for many years on all occasions; but she, too, with advancing years returned to long skirts. We all felt that the dress was drawing attention from what we thought of far greater importance—the question of woman's right to better education, to a wider field of employment, to better remuneration for her labor, and to the ballot for the protection of her rights. In the minds of the people the short dress and woman's rights were inseparably connected. With us, the dress was but an incident, and we were not willing to sacrifice greater questions for it.

(*To be continued.*)

WHO IS THE POET.?

The seer alone shall sing! His word has worth
In measure as it rarefies the earth.
O Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson!
By right divine your deathless fame ye won!
O Lowell, Whitman, Emerson! Your brows
Were lofty with the truth ye did espouse!
Freedom and justice—brotherhood—your call;
No thought of self was yours, but thought of all;
And endless as the ages is their fame
Who dare for truth the world's repulse and shame.
This is the touch, the test the Muses bring
To venturing spirit who aspires to sing:—
What bliss wilt thou forego, what danger dare,
What nakedness and ignominy share
To give thee insight, wisdom, make thee ripe
To blow upon Apollo's tuneful pipe?
That soul alone who shareth mortal woe
Triumphant up Parnassus' heights shall go;
That spirit only which hath felt the fire
Can fan a flame to make the world aspire.

JAMES H. WEST.

[15]Judge Cady was not in sympathy with his daughter's espousal of the cause of woman's rights, and it is not strange that he objected to her wearing the bloomer.

STUDY TABLE

Random Readings

Here are two large volumes by Josiah Royce—whom I used to hear lecture—discussing "The Problem of Christianity." (*Macmillan Co.*) It is a study of religion and a social experience. Towards the end we learn that the thesis was "taken, like Pragmatism, from our American logician, Charles Pierce." Alas, Pierce again suffers at the hands of a friend, who pushes his point too far, making it something else than he had in mind. Once more Royce sets forth his gospel of loyalty, to which his name will ever be linked, but this time it is loyalty to "the beloved Community," by which he means, apparently, the Church. He finds the highest example of loyalty in the early church. Even so, but loyalty to what? To whom? To itself? It would seem so, for Prof. Royce does not know how the church originated. He is not sure whether Christ ever lived or not. Much of these volumes is good, very good, especially the first volume, but his basic thesis will not hold. Surely it is time for Pierce to come forward and do his own expounding, if he be living.

How big a stir a tiny book can make. There was "The Human Slaughter House," by Wilhelm Lamszus, which the German Emperor tried to suppress. Now it appears in English (*F. A. Stokes Co.*), with an introduction by Alfred Noyes. It makes one think of "The Red Badge of Courage," written by Stephen Crane twenty years ago, or the scene in the cock-pit of the battleship in Smollett's "Roderick Random." Here is war without the soul it once had; war made mechanical, mathematical, horrible. For a cause but dimly seen men go forth to war these days, to slay and be slain by men they hardly come in sight of. There are pictures of war in this book that algmost freeze the blood. Some say the author exaggerates. Not so. Lord Roberts—the "Bobs" of the Kipling stories—no pacifist certainly, said the same thing dryly, in his matter of fact fashion, in an address not long ago.

Yes, Noyes is our Poet of Peace, as Kipling sang of war. If there were heroes before Agamemnon, as Horace says, there have been heroes since; and now is as good a time as another to recognize them. The mighty singers of the last generation left us wondering whether we should have their like again, and when we think of Tennyson and Browning, and pay them a tribute heightened by our loss, we often fail to see that other singers have come betimes. The poems of Noyes, complete, so far, in two large volumes (*Stokes Co.*), reveal a true singer, aglow with light and joy—such a master of melodies as we have not had since Swinburne went away. He is again a guest in our country, and if any of my readers have opportunity to see and hear him, do not miss it.

Another poet of our day, whose music is deep and true, subdued withal and thoughtful, is Alice Meynell. I am disposed to think her poem on "Christ in the Universe" among the noblest lines written in recent times. For the most part, though, her music moves

to a key of sweet, subtle sadness, with only an occasional witty, wistful, loving little shrug of humor:

And if sad the music is,
It is sad with mysteries.

Not sound, but silence, seems to be her native air. She is a thinker, and now and then her lines are weighted down with their burden; but they are always lyrical. She is, besides, an essayist of exquisite insight, with a style limpid in its depths which leaves a still singing in the mind.

And while speaking of poetry, I must not forget "Enjoyment of Poetry," by Max Eastman (*Scribners*), one of the most brilliant and satisfying studies of poetry I have seen in many a day. It ranks with the essays of Shelley and Lanier. Nothing—save the book itself—can convey the glory of its style, its illustrations of meaning, its examples of execution, and the sparkle here and there of passages in which the writer gets to the fire in the diamond and the scent in the rose.

Nor should I fail—how can I forget?—to speak of Tagore, the Hindu singer, whose songs echo from end to end of India. His "Song Offerings" (*Macmillan*) are bits of spiritual lace work, delicate yet strangely strong and exalting. They are whiffs of sweet air blowing from the home of that eternal mysticism in which all the great religions had their birth. They evoke memories now of Whitman, now of Dostoevsky. His essays, too, are memorable, discussing the ancient riddles of life with a spaciousness, a serenity, a luminousness which, if he leaves them unsolved, as all mortals must, helps us to see them against a vaster background. His very words have that peculiar white beauty which is a part of the magic of the East.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

HUSKS.

She looked at her neighbor's house in the light of the waning day—
A shower of rice on the steps, and the shreds of a bride's bouquet.
And then she drew the shade, to shut out the growing gloom,
But she shut it into her heart instead. (Was that a voice in the room?)

"My neighbor is sad," she sighed, "like the mother bird who sees
The last of her brood fly out of the nest to make its home in the trees"—
And then, in a passion of tears: "But, oh, to be sad like her;
Sad for a joy that has come and gone!" (Did some one speak, or stir?)

She looked at her faded hands, all burdened with costly rings;
She looked on her widowed home, all burdened with priceless things.
She thought of the dead years gone, of the empty years ahead—
(Yes, something stirred and something spake, and this was what it said:)

"The voice of the Might Have Been speaks here through the lonely dusk;
Life offered the fruits of love; you gathered only the husk.
There are jewels ablaze on your breast where never a child has slept."
She covered her face with her ringed old hands, and wept and wept and wept.

Good Housekeeping. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XII.

Additions to Esther

TEXT: *"I did this, that I might not prefer the glory of man above the glory of God; neither will I bow down unto any one but to Thee, which art my Lord, neither will I do it in pride."*

This subject does not mean much unless we are interested in entering the sculptor's studio and watching the chips that lie around and watching the statue grow. Indeed, all this year we are in a literary workshop, taking note largely of the fragments and the rejected pieces. Masterpieces are often-times rejected, while some petty poor things are admitted into the show.

The usual editions of the Apocrypha begin the Additions to Esther at the place where the Bible book leaves off, with a part of the tenth chapter; the additions comprising the remainder of the tenth to the sixteenth chapters. If we are very credulous and uncritical we may get something from reading this Apocryphal supplement to Esther in this way. But if we are critical and have a literary sense of continuity, we will find it a jumble of extracts picked up with apparently little regard for sequence. Jerome left it in his Vulgate, but the original Hebrew version, accessible to the scholars, did not contain these fragments, hence the critics who compiled our Protestant Bible came to the conclusion, because they were written in Greek, that they were later additions, not trustworthy and without the credentials necessary to a place in the collection of Holy Scripture.

We will remember that in the book of Esther we found the low water mark of the Hebrew scripture. The book of the least spiritual value of any of the books of the Bible and no historical value. It is a novelette with not a very high ideal.

The story is familiar; a carousing king, wishing to add one more attraction for the amusement of his guests, ordered his favorite Queen to appear in dishabille in order to display her beauty. Queen Vashti refused, whereupon the king grew impatient and violent, cast her off, and started a sort of beauty show in order to find her successor. The royal mandate went out, summoning all applicants for his hand to appear that he might select the most winsome. In this contest Mordecai the Jew, who happened to be in the councils of the king, succeeded in inducing his kinswoman to appear without revealing her nationality. As she walked in the procession the king touched her with his scepter, signifying that she was the chosen one. She supplanted Vashti and became a favorite at court and in due time was able to exert her influence to save her people from massacre.

This book would be more valuable if it sufficiently glorified Vashti, who would not dishonor herself in the presence of the nobles. There is nothing in ancient literature that carries with it a sweeter, purer and more modern conception of womanly modesty than the story of the rejected Vashti.

Mr. Montifiore, in a book often commended to you, apologizes for the Book of Esther, frankly telling his readers that it has little to commend it either in morals or in spirituality; a book of patriotism and not piety.

Esther certainly is a type of patriotism and not of piety. If she is to be commended at all, it is on account of her devotion to her people, although her way of securing influence is rather questionable. No historical foundation can be found for the book. There may have been a wicked king, and there may have been a Jewish woman who gained favor at his court, which gave rise to the tradition, but we find no hint of it in the life of Xerxes.

The story was wanting in that which was dear to the Rabbinical heart, the word Jehovah was not to be found in it. So there grew additions, embellishments, which came into being in Alexandria in the first and second cenutries B. C., which were inserted in the Greek Canon, and consequently the Septuagint or Greek version is a richer book than the original Hebrew. It has obviously been improved by bits dropped in here and there, where they belong. Seven fragments, as they appear in the Apocrypha. What is found in the tenth chapter, beginning with the fourth to the twelfth verses, and through the twelfth chapter, forms the introduction. The passage at the opening of this Apocryphal addition really belongs at the very end of it. You may place the inserts as follows:

Additions	Apocrypha	Proper Location
1	XI:2-12 and 12	Introduction
2	XIII:1-7	After III:13
3	XIII:8-18	After IV:17
4	XIV	Following No. 3
5	XV	Before V:3
6	XVI	After VIII:12
7	X:4-13 and XI:1	Conclusion

These additions have some interest if we wish to pursue a critical, literary study of the Bible.

The first verses as we find them in the present arrangement of the Apocrypha contain a dream of Mardocheus, Greek for Mordecai, which continues into chapter XI. The first six verses in chapter XIII give the story of the conspiracy of the two Eunuchs.

Chapter XIII gives the decree of the king, purporting to be Artaxerxes, and to make up for the lack of piety in chapter XIV, it records a good long, pious prayer on the part of Esther, making up for her deficiency in the original text and thereby greatly enriching the book. This author is bound to make her worthy of the Hebrew tradition. If the book is wanted as a part of your spiritual library you should cut the Apocrypha up, put it where it belongs in the Bible story and read the improved Esther.

In chapter XV is an elaborate account of her appearance before the king, in which she faints away upon entering his presence and the king leaves his throne and seizes her in his arms. Altogether, there is much of what the theaters call "business" in it.

According to the scholars, and I think the Rabbis and the Christian scholars agree, this story grew out of a psychological necessity to account for the Feast of Purim. They could not justify it by Persian traditions any more than the Catholics could justify Christmas by a Roman tradition.

The Jewish scholars, looking back, found themselves in the presence of this curious non-Hebrew festival, the festival of Purim, a gala day, answering something to our Mardi Gras as it is celebrated in the South, and which survives to this day. It is a sort of wild, merry-making time. The Book of Esther is read at the Feast of Purim and whenever the name "Haman" occurs, any kind of disturbance is allowed.

We have an etymological suggestion in the name "Esther," which comes from a Persian word with the same root as Ishtar, the Persian goddess, and Ishtar is related to our word "star." The Persians were supposed to be "star worshippers." Etymology is oftentimes more fantastic than philosophic, but it is suggestive. Thus we have a Christ-mass instead of a Saturnalia and an Easter celebration originating in the same way and called from Oestra, goddess of Spring.

MY CODE

If one wishes to do any real execution in life it will be well to keep the axe of the mind as sharp as possible.

As one grows intelligent he will, naturally, become more courageous.

To be the lover of Knowledge and the disciple of Reason is not a delirium. If this expansion does take away some old beliefs precious from childhood, it is only to substitute in their place larger and more inspiring truths—truths which will make you free both in mind and body.

I love to think that he who is bad will punish himself, fill his own heart with darkness and dirt; and that he who is good will not escape his reward; he shall find his heaven in his own heart.

It is intelligence that shows man the desirable thread by following which he may extricate himself from those dark labyrinths in which ignorance and superstition cause him to wander.

It often seems as though we lived in a scheme of things which did not care at all to take sides, but I love to think the universe was made for the good, and to find and obey its laws will make us healthy and happy, strong and beautiful.

In obedience, then, to the laws of the universe true liberty is found, and however severe and inexorable these laws seem to be, they are mild in comparison with the mandates of fashion, superstition and dogmatism.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

Said Carlyle in 1873 to Charles Eliot Norton:—"There has never yet been a nation, that did anything great in the world, that was not deeply religious. Men of a praying disposition are to be envied; not because they get answers to their prayers, but because when a man really prays, he judges his own conduct, and nothing in it mean or base escapes him, and this stimulates him to honesty and activity. * * * The conviction is borne in on a man that, through the mystery and the darkness, everything is ruled by One most wise and most good; and he learns to say in his heart, 'Thy will be done.'"

—*The Christian Life.*

"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; may I reckon the wise alone to be wealthy, and may I have only so much of gold as a temperate man, and he only, can possess and rightly use."—*Socrates.*

We become like what we habitually admire, and our admirations are revealers of character.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—A broad and sane view of even the highest interest requires sympathetic understanding of many other interests.

MON.—Make deliberation habitual, yet decide promptly when the evidence is once in.

TUES.—We cannot make people enlightened, or good, or happy, by compulsion.

WED.—The secrets of friendship (like those of the Lord) are always with those who fear. Those reverent of personality shall alone see either God or the best in man.

THURS.—Ultimately, we have nothing to give to others but ourselves. There is, thus, no cheap way in which a man may count profoundly for good. He must be what he ought to be.

FRI.—One inexorable law rules throughout: That which is not expressed dies. If there is, therefore, within one any desire, thought, feeling or purpose that he would kill, he must simply deny it all expression; it will die. On the other hand, if there is anything he wishes to have live, he must express it. If we would have our purposes mean anything, we must put them into act.

SAT.—Nothing can replace in value the great fundamental convictions.

—Henry Churchill King.

A CRADLE SONG.

Sing it mother, sing it low;
Deem it not an idle lay;
In the heart 'twill ebb and flow
All the lifelong way.

Sing it mother, softly sing,
While he slumbers on my knee;
All that after years may bring
Shall flow back to thee.

Sing it mother! Love is strong!
When the tears of manhood fall,
Echoes of thy cradle song
Shall its peace recall.

Sing it mother! When his ear
Catches first the voice divine,
Dying, he may smile to hear
What he deemeth thine.

—John B. Tabb.

Health Made Lawful

Little by little the condition of the wage-worker is improving. Underneath the turmoil of disputes between employer and employed, there is a steady rise in the welfare of the worker.

Looking over the year 1913 we find that Child Labor legislation has been enacted in thirty-one states.

The eight-hour law is in force in twenty-six states.

Compensation to injured workmen is provided for in thirty-one states.

Five states have attempted to correct the abuses incident to private employment agencies, and three states have arranged for free employment offices.

Laws have been passed in several states making obligatory one rest day in seven.

Fifteen states have extended the laws and regulations concerning safety in mines. Twenty-six states have legislated for further protection of railroad employes.

Connecticut, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, Texas and West Virginia have followed, with some changes, the Massachusetts law of the minimum wage.

California, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania have taken up the Wisconsin commission form of factory law administration.

Those who observe the Trend of the Times cannot fail to note with satisfaction the irresistible rise in the tide of that public sentiment which places the emphasis upon human life before profit.—*Hearst's Magazine.*

Hopping Aeroplanes

Aeroplane sledges and a hopping aeroplane with clipped wings are being built for Sir Ernest Shackleton to be used in his South Pole expedition next winter, in the hope that they will prove more efficient in getting over the ice than the motor sledges, which had a little, but far from perfect, success in the Scott expedition. The aeroplane sledges will get their forward motion from great air propellers like those of a flying machine, while the motor sledges depended on a sort of belt movement under the sledge. Air propelled boats are now a real success, and a few air propelled sleds have had some success on roads in winter. Enough forward push can be obtained by this method without any doubt, the expected difficulties being with the engines in intense cold and with a rough surface.

An aeroplane with clipped wings, which can take long hops over bad stretches of surface, but most of the time will be running on skids, with only part of the weight held up by the wings, is a more novel idea. It was suggested a year ago by French officers for Sahara Desert sand trips, though no reports of the building or success of any such idea have been made.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Looking Good to Order

The mayor of Salem, Mass., gave a queer order to the police. He called them all in and gave them a lesson in manners. He said they should be more courteous. They are not to speak of their superiors by their first names. And when two policemen meet they must salute each other and smile.

Smiling to order looked queer at first, but when you think it over it is right. We have no right to look glum. We must not go about with a sour look and think that is good enough to give to the world. The people we meet have a right to the best we have. We have a right in ourselves to feel right, and it is not good for our health to be surly.

A public servant ought to help the public with a cheerful look. Some of us do not know how forbidding we look when we are not cheerful. The fields and the gardens require sunshine to produce leaves and blossoms, fruits and grain. So do the people we meet require the sunshine of our smile to help them in their hard work.

Cheer up! It is better to grin too much than to forget to be pleasant.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE COMMON INTEREST.

Passage from an address by George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, before the New York State Bankers' Association, at Ottawa, Canada, June 12, 1913.

The New York State Bankers' Association, partly for a holiday, partly for its own information and instruction and largely as an expression of neighborly good will and to be the first of many bodies that are eager to celebrate the 100th anniversary of peace between these countries, is holding its annual convention in the beautiful little capital city of Ottawa. It is true the 100th anniversary has not yet arrived, but the bankers with their instinct for doing a little business on a sure thing are willing to discount the remainder of the time.

It seems to me to be very appropriate that of all people the bankers should be foremost in a celebration of Peace. The banker knows btter than any one else how many are the ties of interest that bind the modern nations together. He knows better than any one else that war is not only barbarous in its cruelties but barbarous in its ignorance of common interests.

One of the most persuasive books of recent years is entitled "The Great Illusion," and the allusion, of which it treats is the idea that any people can possibly benefit itself by conquering impoverishing or even annexing, forcibly, another people. The author shows that if it were possible for a German army to capture London there is nothing it could do to disturb the activities or prosperity of its inhabitants that would not react disastrously upon the people of Germany. It might be able to loot the Bank of England, but if the Bank of England was looted there would be a panic throughout the world, and nowhere greater than in Berlin. An illustration of this was afforded two years ago when a German warship steamed into a port of Morocco, with a remotely implied threat of war with France, with the result that so much French money was withdrawn from Germany that the Imperial Bank was obliged to expand its loans by $200,000,000 within 30 days, and meantime the Berlin stock exchange was in panic and German industries lost hundreds of millions more. No nation liveth to itself alone in the 20th century. The wealth of the world is now a common fund. There is a reservoir in London, another in New York, another in Montreal, and others elsewhere, but they are all connected. You can't draw down the supply of capital in one without affecting the supply in all. You cannot burn up, confiscate or destroy property anywhere that the whole civilized world does not suffer loss. There isn't a remote district in Canada today where money is not tight and enterprise in check because of the war in the Balkan States.

Another idea that is more or less illusory is the notion that a big country, with a vast expanse of territory, a large population and a powerful army and navy, is somehow a more desirable country to live in than one of the smaller states. We all have pride in bigness. I confess that we have a weakness for it in the United States and I have seen symptoms of it in Canada. But it is really difficult to see, when you try to figure it out, wherein the average citizen of Belgium or Holland is not as well off in all that concerns his personal prosperity and comfort as the average citizen of Russia or Austria, or for that matter any other country of Europe. The only possible advantage that can be claimed for a big country is that it affords a man of large affairs more extensive free trade area for his operations. But that argument carries us over into the tariff question, and men whose minds will work together on everything else under the sun will fall apart on the tariff.

I remember an argument I heard two years ago between two friends, one of the States and the other a Canadian, over the proposed reciprocity treaty. Possibly some of you Canadians may recall that there was talk about a reciprocity treaty! My friend of the States said it wouldn't be fair to open a market of 90,000,000 people in exchange for access to a market of only 8,000,000 people. "But," said the Canadian, "you forget that when the Canadian goes over to the United States with his products he finds that there are 90,000,000 people already on the ground to compete with, while when you come over to Canada you find only 8,000,000 people to compete with." And there you are! I will not venture to express an opinion upon that particular treaty, but I will say that it has always seemed to me that if there were any two peoples in the world who could afford to take down all barriers between them and open the entire area of both countries to the enterprises of both, these two were the peoples of the United States and Canada: but when I remember what the people of the United States did to President Taft on account of the treaty, and what the people of Canada did to the treaty, I am obliged to conclude that the advantage of a vast area open to free trade is still a debatable question.

But if that is true the argument for the big country falls down all around, and if there is no advantage for the big country there is no sense in wars for territory.

It used to be that men went to war frequently over religion, but whether people no longer care enough about their religion to fight for it, or because they are getting a better kind of religion—and I think this is it—at any rate men are not going to fight very much in the future over religion. Racial antagonisms unhappily remain, and I fear will remain for a long time, but they will gradually disappear as the peoples know each other better.

It is often said of those of us who are optimistic about peace that we fail to take account of human nature and that human nature is just the same as it has been in the past. It may be that in some respects human nature has changed but little, but I am sure the human kind has been learning something as the years have passed, and that in this day of schools, newspapers, and free speech the people cannot be buncoed into war for glory, and somebody else's glory, as easily as in the past. It used to be that war was the common business of mankind, but the energies of men have been turned into another channel. This is the Economic Age, the age of Industry and Commerce, an age of hope and ambition for the common man, when every man is striving to better his condition and make the condition of his children better than his own. The conditions are not the same as of old; the interests are not the same. It makes a lot of difference with human nature if when you are mad enough to burn down a man's house you find that you own stock in the insurance company.

Wars are out of date when good will has become a commercial asset. Why, in the orchard country out West, and I believe in Ontario, they won't allow a man to pack his own apples for shipment, so anxious are they that the distant stranger shall have a square deal. If a sale of American securities is made to a friendly people with disappointing results, the loss to America far exceeds any possible gain. We simply cannot afford to injure another people, by hook or by crook.

Men have learned that as a plain commercial proposition there is more

to gain by trading with a neighbor than by killing him, or even by governing him; and for proof of the last proposition see the experience of England with her North American colonies.

And so the most preposterous thing in Christendom today is the spectacle of the so-called civilized nations spending more than one-half of all their revenues in preparation for defense against each other, each protesting, and I believe honestly, that it will never make an attack. Germany, in addition to her regular appropriations for military purposes, now calls for a special contribution from capital of $250,000,000, every dollar needed by her industries, to be expended upon fortresses and equipment, and France, spurred on by the action of Germany, levies new taxes and floats new loans to maintain the equilibrium.

At this opportune time Canada and the United States hold up an inspiring example to the world. Four thousand miles of common frontier without a fortress or a gun; 100 years of peace, with every disagreement settled by diplomacy or arbitration, and without a dollar expended in preparation for war with each other. It is worthy of celebration! We ought to begin a year in advance and make it a memorable year for our children and for all the burdened children of men.

—*The World Peace Foundation.*

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Notwithstanding this, indeed on account of all this, we are glad to make room for the following extract from a private communication from the President of the Proctor Academy Board of Trustees, Andover N. H., with whose work we have long been acquainted and in the management of which we have large confidence. We have no hesitation in saying that parents who are looking for an economic preparatory school to which to send their sons and daughters next fall, a school with healthy environments, ample facilities, spiritually and intellectually, will do well to write for further information to the president, who writes us as follows:

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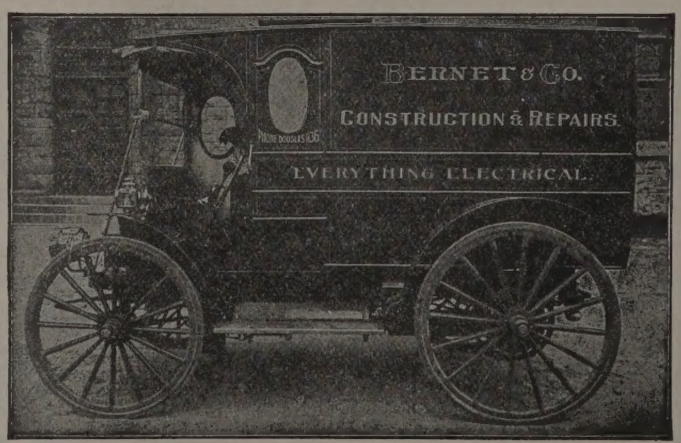

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